Me thought their ſoules, whoſe bodies Richard murthered,
Came to my tent, and cried on victorie,
I promiſe you, my ſoule is very iocund,
In the remembrance of ſo faire a dreame.
How farre into the morning is it Lords?
Lo. Vpon the ſtroke of foure.
Rich. Why then tis time to arme, and giue direction.

His Oration to his ſouldiers.

More then I haue ſaid, louing countrimen,
The leiſure and inforcement of the time,
Forbids to dwell vpon, yet remember this,
God, and our good cauſe, fight vpon our ſide,
The praiers of holy Saints and wronged ſoules,
Like high reard bulwarkes, ſtand before our faces,
Richard, except thoſe whom we fight againſt,
Had rather haue vs winne, then him they follow:
For, what is he they follow? trulie gentlemen,
A bloudie tirant, and a homicide.
One raiſd in bloud, and one in bloud eſtabliſhed,
One that made meanes to come by what he hath,
And ſlaughtered thoſe, that were the meanes to helpe him,
A baſe foule ſtone, made precious by the foile,
Of Englands chaire, where he is falſely ſet,
One that hath euer bene Gods enemie.
Then if you fight againſt Gods enemie,
God will in iuſtice, ward you as his ſouldiers,
If you doe ſweate to put a tyrant downe,
You ſleepe in peace, the tyrant being ſlaine,
If you do fight againſt your countries foes,
Your countries fat, ſhall paie your paines the hire.
If you do fight in ſafegard of your wiues,
Your wiues ſhall welcome home the conquerors,
If you do free your children from the ſword,
Your childrens children quits it in your age:
Then in the name of God and all theſe rights,
Aduance your ſtandards, draw your willing ſwords,
For me, the ranſome of my bold attempt,
Shall be this colde corps on the earths cold face:

But if I thriue, the gaine of my att
The leaſt of you, ſhall ſhare his p
Sound drums and trumpets boldl
God, and Saint George, Richmo
Enter King Ric
King. What ſaid Northumberla
Rat. That he was neuer traine
King. He ſaid the truth, and w
Rat. He ſmiled and ſaid, the b
King. He was in the right, an
Tell the clocke there.
Giue me a calender, who ſaw the
Rat. Not I my Lord.
King. Then he diſdaines to ſh
He ſhould haue braud the Eaſt a
A blacke day will it be to ſome b
Rat. My Lord.
King. The ſunne will not be ſe
The skie doth frowne, and lowr
I would theſe dewie teares were
Not ſhine to day: why, what is t
More then to Richmond, for the
That frownes on me, lookes ſad
Enter Norf
Norff. Arme, arme, my Lord.
King. Come, buſtle, buſtle, ca
Call vp Lord Stanlie, bid him br
I will lead forth, my ſouldiers to
And thus my battaile ſhall be or
My foreward ſhall be drawne i
Conſiſting equallie of horſe and
Our Archers ſhall be placed in t
Iohn, Duke of Norffolke, Thon
Shall haue the leading of this foo
They thus directed, we will foll
In the maine battell, whoſe puiſ
Shall be well winged with our
This, and Saint George to boot

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